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that is more often uttered from the ground than above it, having watched it for hours together walking, running and feeding amidst the ferns, mandrake, skunk cabbage and spicewood.

FRANK L. BURNS, *Berwyn, Penna.*

AN OPEN QUESTION.—Is there anything like morality among the birds? Have the birds any genuine sense of obligation where other birds are concerned, or does might make right with them universally? These questions have been chasing each other through my mind of late, and have failed to find an answer. The other day, as I sat in the edge of the woods rather idly watching the tree-tops for the Warblers, the actions of a female Redstart arrested my attention. Instead of feeding it seemed to be peering about in an anxious manner as it gradually ascended from the lower branches of a large oak tree. Some fifty feet up among the branches it stopped in its upward course and circled the tree trunk, always with the same anxious air. Suddenly it plunged into the midst of a spreading thicket of branches and began working madly at something, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be a half completed nest of a Yellow-throated Vireo. Mrs. Redstart was frantically yanking fibers and cobwebs from the outside of the nest, and soon darted down into the shrubbery with a mouthful of the stolen material for her own nest. I have many times seen birds destroy old nests for the material which was used in making a new one, but in only a few instances have I seen such robbery as this.

LYNDS JONES, *Oberlin, Ohio.*

THE WESTERN GROSBEAK, *Coccothraustes vespertinus montanus*, IN COLORADO.—The evening Grosbeak is referred to in BULLETIN No. 34, as a rare bird, I made its acquaintance (the western form) for the first time this year, and in such numbers as to raise a doubt of its rarity. Walking down a street near Mapleton Hill, Boulder, Colorado, in February, I was startled by the discovery of a dozen of them in a small tree. They were apparently very hungry, searching the tree for food, paying no attention to me, though many of them were within six or eight feet of me. Afterwards I saw them daily for several

weeks, on two more occasions more than 100 at a time, once in West Boulder and again on the court house lawn, in the center of the city. I shall eagerly hope for the return of this interesting bird, which is now deemed a resident of Colorado, having been noted every month in the year.

JUNIUS HENDERSON, *Boulder, Colo.*

**SNOWFLAKE, *Plectrophenax vivalis*.**—We had a visit this Winter from the Snow Buntings. We first saw them on Thursday, February 14; and the last we saw of them was on Thursday, February 28. Almost every day during those two weeks the beautiful creatures fed on the weeds in front of our house. They would be feeding by sunrise and continue until toward noon when usually they would fly away, returning about three o'clock in the afternoon, when they would continue their musical twittering, which was almost like song, and their feeding until after sunset. Most of this time the weather was cold, the thermometer ranging between five and twenty-five above zero.

They did not seem to mind me except when I would raise my field glass, when they would utter a complaining call, rise a little above the weeds and fly several yards, drop and resume their twittering and feeding. One day when I had followed them up and down the field for some time they seemed to grow impatient, rose with a wheeling undulating flight high over a house, swept across the street and began to sing in a high sweet flute-like tone "*tsi-a-wee-ee-ee.*" Then, still singing, they wheeled again and after hovering silently a moment over the weeds, dropped down upon the snow and went to feeding and chirping.

Another day I heard the song when their spirits were undisturbed. It was on a brilliant day when the snow was just beginning to reflect on the sunset glow. I was crossing the field some distance from where they were feeding when all at once several birds rose from the flock soaring high into the sky and pouring forth such a rhapsody as well fitted the glory of the setting sun. It was so full and sweet that I could only drink in its beauty, I could not analyze it.

MURIEL KINNEY, *Cleveland, Ohio.*